Fever Dream

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Fever Dream

by MeteoraWrites

Summary

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"Will?" Hannibal asks from beside him, accent thick and tone deeper than usual where sleep still clings to him. "Can you tell me what you need?" he adds as he continues to run his hands up and down Will's back to try and soothe him a little. He feels like he's burning alive. Soaked in sweat and slick. Body giving off waver after wave of pheromones that have the alpha's mouth-watering.

Notes

I'M BACK BITCHES!!!! Sort of, at least. I was in a mood and half of this was already written. So, please enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more notes

The first thing Will is aware of is uncomfortable, all-consuming heat. So hot he thinks he might combust if he doesn't cool off somehow. Then there is the feeling of itchy, damp clothes clinging too tightly against his burning skin. He tries to move, but his body is being weighed down by something and he lets out a whine as he sluggishly tries to pull himself out from under whatever weighs him down to find some relief.

Fingers rake through his sweat-drenched curls, nails scratching at his scalp in a way that both feels amazing and totally foreign. He lets another whine out and the weight moves from him, followed by gentle hands soothing down his sweat-soaked back. He realizes they're Hannibal's as he inhales through his nose and takes in the unmistakable scent of the alpha.

"Will?" Hannibal asks from beside him, accent thick and tone deeper than usual where sleep still clings to him. "Can you tell me what you need?" he adds as he continues to run his hands up and down Will's back to try and soothe him a little. He feels like he's burning alive. Soaked in sweat and slick. Body giving off waver after wave of pheromones that have the alpha's mouth-watering. He's already hard and aching and would love more than anything to give in to his instincts and ravage the omega. But even half-awake he knows he has to restrain himself.

"Too hot…" Will pants out roughly as he finally cracks open his eyes and turns his head to look up at Hannibal. They're more gold than blue now. Will's heat hitting him full force. "Please…" he says with a whine as he feels Hannibal's hands on his lower back. Fingers skimming the edge of his shirt where it's ridden up a little.

Hannibal manages to get the dreadful thing off and cast aside rather quickly, not that it seems quick to Will. When he turns back the omega is laying on his stomach and making a rather weak attempt to remove his boxers next. With careful hands, Hannibal helps him discard the last bit of clothing. The lack of which makes Will shiver and moan. Both from relief and frustration as his cock rubs against the soft sheets beneath him.

He's so hard it's almost painful. And worse than that he feels that deep ache that only a good fuck can remedy… "Ha-Hannibal…" he stutters out as he gives the alpha a pleading look. His body is so tense. Everything inside him begging to be fucked and knotted. And yet also totally not ready to do what his biology wants him to.

Studying his face for a moment in search of anything to indicate Will is really ready for any of this, Hannibal reaches out and places his hands on Will's back once again. He starts to work at the muscles in his neck and shoulders. Hands strong and sure as he kneads away the tension there. It takes a little time, but he can feel Will starting to really relax by the time he's working the knots from below his shoulder blades. Grunts of pain and gasps of surprise at the sensations of Hannibal's hands working away the ache turning slowly to moans and needy whines.

The lower he gets the more of Will's body he allows himself to really take in. Examine the scars Will mention in his email that denotes the unacceptable encounters he's had in the past. A set of jagged lines over his right shoulder blade where a female alpha had 'punished' him for not reacting how she wanted. A nasty bite scar to the back of his left thigh from a male

alpha that got frustrated when Will didn't cum from the use of his mouth. Matching lines low on either side of his hips from another alpha that dug their nails in when Will asked them to stop before they could knot him.

The sight of the marks fills Hannibal with an anger that has him on the verge of growling. The only thing that stops him is the way Will begins to squirm and moan louder under his touch. He's relaxed now, the smell of fresh slick and desire slowly overtaking the distress that had been strong upon his waking only minutes ago.

"Tell me what you need, Will," Hannibal says softly as he leans in and lets himself nuzzle at the side of Will's neck, nose brushing the shell of his ear as he comes up. He keeps working at the muscles in Will's back. The omega has already melted under his touch, but he doesn't want the sounds falling from his lips to stop. He wants more than anything to keep those sounds coming however he can get them.

A needy whine escapes the omega and he rocks his hips. The slight friction from the bedding feels good against his cock, but that's not enough, not what he needs. He needs to be filled up. He wants Hannibal to knot him and stop this deep feeling of need and desperation that threatens to burn him alive. "Please, Hannibal… Need you..."

"You're certain?" the alpha asks, hands stilling in their work. When Will gives a sharp nod and starts to force himself up from his prone position, Hannibal pulls away and stands long enough to strip himself out of his pants. The last physical barrier keeping them apart.

Will is on his hands and knees when Hannibal turns back, looking just a little worried and at a loss for what to do next.

Climbing back onto the bed slowly, Hannibal gets Will to scoot over before sitting with his back to the headboard. The mound of pillows is comfortable behind his back, and as he leans against them it puts him at the perfect angle for what he intends to do next. "Come here, Will?" he asks in as gentle a tone as he can manage with his eyes still glowing red and his restraint slipping a little further.

Will does as asked, coming to straddle Hannibal's lap. Their cocks rub together as they do so, and it makes Hannibal shiver, and Will gasp. Once he's in Hannibal's lap he leans in, hands coming to rest on the alphas shoulders as he seeks out his mouth in a kiss that makes the last of Hannibal's resolve slip. Will tastes like the spices from their dinner the night before and something that's all uniquely his own that has Hannibal chasing after it with his tongue. He wants to commit it to memory and taste it over and over for the rest of his life.

His hands find their way to Will's waist, pulling him in close enough and lifting him up so he can line his cock up with Will's slick entrance. He lets one arm wrap around Will's waist then, holding him up against Hannibal's chest as Hannibal takes his own cock in hand and brings the tip to press to the slick opening. He lingers there, not daring to push inside yet. Waiting for any kind of indication that Will isn't ready. When he gets none he cants his hips up and guides Will's down. Entering him so slowly that it's almost maddening for the alpha.

Will's back arches as Hannibal finally enters him. Kiss broken as he lets out a gasp that sounds equal parts surprised and pleasured. By the time he's fully seated on Hannibal's cock

he's panting hard, body shaking just a little, and his face is pressed to the crook of Hannibal's neck as he tries to adjust.

It's everything Hannibal can do not to move. He has to bite his lower lip hard and sink his nails into his palm to ground himself. To make himself wait until Will is ready. Fortunately, he doesn't have to wait too long for the omega to roll his hips experimentally and groan at the feel of Hannibal moving inside him.

It's the sign Hannibal was waiting for, and he starts to move his hips in shallow thrusts to match the slow roll Will's own. The speed building steadily as Will seems to become a bit more coherent and definitely more confident in taking what he needs from Hannibal.

When Will finally raises his head from Hannibal's shoulder it's to press their foreheads together. His eyes are still glowing a soft gold around the edges. A stark contrast to the intense red of Hannibal's own. Will's mouth is slack, harsh breaths mixing with Hannibal's own as they move together.

Will starts to let out small whimpers between moans when he feels Hannibal's knot beginning to grow. Stretching him wider with every thrust and roll of their hips. Making him leak more slick around Hannibal's cock and his muscles clench every now and then when they move together just right that Will's prostate is hit.

It feels like torture for Hannibal. Both perfect and everything he needs while also not being anywhere near enough. He wants to do more. Touch more him all over. Flip them over and fuck Will until he's knotted and sated and purring in Hannibal's arms as they lay locked together. Instead, he bites his lip harder and watches Will through heavily hooded eyes and holds onto his waists for dear life as he rides Hannibal's cock and controls their pace.

The bigger Hannibal's knot gets the faster and more frantic Will starts to move on top of him. His cock is steadily leaking precum, enough that some has dribbled onto Hannibal's stomach. The sight of it makes the alpha want to touch him and taste, but that's something Will said he didn't want. So he instead pulls the omega into a sloppy kiss and continues to thrust up into him, now in faster, harder movements.

The moment his knot catches Hannibal lets out a growl as Will moans into his mouth and shudders in his grasp. They don't stop moving. Hannibal rutting up into Will as Will grinds down onto him with his fingers digging into the alpha's back and his whole body tensing. Hannibal wraps both arms around Will then, pulling him flush against the alpha as they continue to grind together and moan into the kiss that's now more brushes of lips and tongue between gasping breaths.

Will cums not long after that, the change in position making his aching cock rub against Hannibal's stomach as his knot mercilessly hits Will's prostate, sending hot electricity sparking throughout his body. His back arches, nails drawing blood where he grips Hannibal's shoulders, body spasming around Hannibal's knot over and over as he spills hot between them.

The feeling of Will clenching around him tips Hannibal over the edge. Has him throwing his head back as he groans and gives a few more hard, jerking thrusts as his cock pulses and he

empties inside the omega's eagerly waiting body.

Will shudders with the feel of a different kind of heat pooling deep inside of him at last. Another small moan falling from his lips as he buries his face in Hannibal's neck and takes deep gasping breaths. His body starts to come down from the high of their coupling after a few moments and the fog of delirium clears from his mind. Letting Will actually take in the scope of what's just transpired.

No one's ever taken care of him like this. Let him be in control. Only touched him where he's previously established that it's okay to touch. Everyone before alway assumed when he's in his heat delirium they can do what they want and that they know best because they're in charge. The realization that Hannibal did everything that Will asked him to in the situation has tears welling up in his eyes as he lets out a laugh he can't control.

Hannibal makes a confused little sound in his throat, nosing at the omega's hair. "Is everything alright?" he asks, concern clear in his exhausted tone. Will doesn't smell like he's in pain. Quite the opposite, in fact. He smells happy.

Will nods, another laugh and a few tears falling down his cheeks to wet the alpha's shoulder. "It's nothing… It's..." he begins with another laugh that's close to a sob. "No one's ever listened to me before…" This time he lets out a proper sob, arms tightening where he'd wrapped them around Hannibal's neck as he presses his face tight to the alpha's throat.

Hannibal tightens his own arms around the omega, one moving to stroke careful fingers through his hair while the other rubs at his upper back soothingly. He shushes him softly, tilts his head, and nuzzles his cheek against Will's temple.

"Thank you…" Will manages to say weakly. It's the first time he's had sex with anyone and not immediately wanted to run from them after. He doesn't feel ashamed or uncomfortable. Upset at being touched in a way he hates. Hannibal didn't touch him anywhere that would make Will uncomfortable. He just feels so incredibly relieved and relaxed and like his heat is in check for the moment. It's an almost alien feeling that has him shaking in the other's arms as he works out these emotions with more tears and softly uttered thanks.

And Hannibal is more than happy to hold him and continue to do what he can to soothe Will as they wait for Hannibal's knot to go down. Even in the haze he himself feels from being surrounded by the heady scent of Will's heat and the way it mixes with his own, he can understand why the weight of what Will is expressing and has just experienced. He can't imagine being with so many partners that would refuse to listen and even harm you for not reacting how they would hope. The thought of it makes him want to growl and track every single one of those past lovers down to be made into various recipes he's been wanting to try out.

That train of thought is brought to an abrupt end by the feeling of Will starting to purr where he lays on top of Hannibal. He'd stopped crying at last. Face still tucked into the crook of Hannibal's neck as he scents the alpha and starts to slip towards unconsciousness. Hannibal wants to drift with him. He resits despite the way the weight and warmth of Will atop his body tempts him.

After a few more minutes his knot has subsided enough for Hannibal to pull out. Making Will whimper at the feel of cum and slick leaving him along with Hannibal's cock. Hannibal shushes him and presses a kiss to his temple before carefully rolling so that Will is laying on his side on the bed.

He looks up at Hannibal, slightly confused as he watches the alpha get up and walk away. He's back a moment later, a bottle of water and a warm, wet washcloth in hand that he uses to carefully clean Will then himself. Will gives another whine at being forced to sit up enough to drink. He drains most of the bottle before Hannibal will let him lay back down.

Once he's satisfied they're both taken care of for the moment, Hannibal climbs back into bed and pulls Will in close, letting the omega bury his face in Hannibal's neck once again to breathe in his scent. The purr from before comes back to life, rumbling through him and drawing Hannibal to do the same.

Will fights sleep for a little while after that. Part of him scared this was all a fever dream that his heat created. Eventually the urge to sleep wins. He's lulled there by the feel of Hannibal holding him close and the pleasant rumble of both of them purring in unison. He'll wake again when his heat is needing to be sated once more. And Hannibal will take care of him, just as he did the first time. With control and respect and all the love he can give to someone that isn't quite ready to receive it yet.

End Notes

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